

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did fumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glafte,
Who tending their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
He giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is dispoſde.

Bro. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath dif-
I onelic haue made a mouth of his eie, (closes d.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakeſt
ſkilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and leaernes news
of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

Lad. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.
Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my ſenſe of hea-
ring.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneſſe of yeares: take
this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him fe-
ſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my
Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour
it with turning vp your eie: ſigh a note and ſing a note,
ſometime through the throat: if you ſwallowed loue
with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you
ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouse-
like ore the ſhop of your eies, with your armes croſt on
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away:
theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betraie
nice wenches that would be betraied without theſe, and
make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are
affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obſeruation.

Brag. But O, but O, how doſt thou ſay?

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Caſt thou my loue Hobbie-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter, the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknicke.

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will
proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-
on the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie mee a
letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathis'd, a Horſe to be em-
baſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaiest thou?

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe
for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettall heauie, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.

Is that Lead ſlow which ſir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acure luenall, yolatile and free of grace,
By thy tauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Page. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a
ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome riddle, come, thy *Lenny*
begin.

Cl. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenny*, no ſalue, in thee
male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *Lenny*, no
Lenny, no ſalue ſir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vercue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſillie
thought, my ſpleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes
me to ridiculous ſmyling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth
the inconfiderate take ſalue for *Lenny*, and the word *len-
ny* for a ſalue?

Page. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *Lenny* a
ſalue? (plaine)

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make
ſome obſcure precedence that haſt tofore bin ſaine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *Lenny*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were ſtill at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goole came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Page. A good *Lenny*, ending in the Goole: would you
deſire more?

Cl. The Boy haſt ſold him a bargain, a Goole, that's
flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goole be ſat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.

Let me ſee a fat *Lenny*, I that's a fat Goole.

Ar. Come hither, come hither: ſir: giue ſome ſhew

How did this argument begin?

Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.

Then cal'd you for the *Lenny*.

Cl. True, and I for a Plantan: ſir: giue ſome ſhew

Thus came your argument in: ſir: giue ſome ſhew

Then the Boyes fat *Lenny*, the Goole that you bought,

And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in

a ſhin?

Page. I will tell you ſencibly.

Cl. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moſh*,

I will ſpeake that *Lenny*.

Coſtard running out, that was ſafely with in,

Fell out the threshold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Ar. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirra *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Cl. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Len-
ny*, ſome Goole in this.

Ar. By my ſweete ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at li-
bertie. Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured,

reſtrained, captiuated, bound.

Cl. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,

and let me looſe.

Ar. I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance,

and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this:

Bear this ſignificant to the countrey Maide *laqueenetta*:

there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honours

is rewarding my dependants. *Moſh*, follow.

Page. Like the ſequell I.

Signeur Coſtard adew.

Exit.

Cl. My ſweete ounce of mans fleſh, my in-conie

Jew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far-

things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price

of this yncle? I, d, no, He giue you a remuneration: Why?

It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then

a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and ſell out of this

word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Cl. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon

may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Coſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſay ſalue, I muſt employ thee:

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,

Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Cl. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Cl. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Cl. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Cl. I wil come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone,

Harke ſalue, it is but this:

The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her, aſke for her:

And to her white hand ſee thou do commend

This ſeal'd vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Cl. Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remunera-

tion, a leuennence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gar-

don. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,

I that haue beene loues whip?

A verie Beadle to a humerous ſigh: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

This ſignior *Iunio* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole Emperor and great generall

Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)

And I to be a Corporall of his field,

And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.

What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeek a wife,

A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,

Still a repairing: euer out of frame,

And neuer going a right, being a Watch:

But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right.

Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:

And among three, to loue the worſt of all,

A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow,

With two pitch bals ſtucke in her face for eyes.

I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deede,

Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.

And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,

To pray for her, go to: it is a plague

That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,

Of his almighty dreadfull little might.

Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſhewe, grone,

Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome Ione.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and
her Lords.*

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,

Againſt the ſteepe vprifing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting minde:

Well Lords, to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,

On Saturday we will returne to France.

Then Forreſter my friend, Where is the Buſh

That we muſt ſtand and play the murder in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,

A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,

And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.

Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, & then again ſay no.

O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes